

Let the Storm Rage On

by Elleth of Mossflower

Category: Star Wars

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Finn, Rey

Pairings: Rey/Finn

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-12 21:19:46

Updated: 2016-04-12 21:19:46

Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:07:38

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 968

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's cold on Starkiller Base, so Finn lends Rey his jacket. A heartfelt moment ensues. Movie gapfiller, slight Rey/Finn.

Let the Storm Rage On

I'm sure you guys noticed that Rey is wearing Finn's jacket in that one TFA scene, right? Here's my version of how that happened.

I have no idea how to make this mesh with the deleted TFA speeder chase scene (or even if I should consider that scene official canon), so it won't.

Cover not mine.

* * *

><p>Rey almost wished for the searing noon heat of Jakku. Almost. Even the nights there had never been this cold.<p>

Or maybe it was just because she wasn't used to it? Finn was striding along next to her, unaffected, while she was trying to keep up and shivering under her loose desert wraps. Squinting against the chill, she rubbed her upper arms, trying to conserve as much warmth as possible. She had to get the doors to the thermal oscillator's access tunnel open for Han and Chewie - everything was depending on her. Once she did that, she'd be able to get back inside and out of the wind.

But the building in question lay a fair distance away, and she felt like she'd never get there. The wind picked up, and she hugged herself tighter as snowflakes swirled into her face and into her boots and around her bare shins. (It was strange - she'd always wanted to see snow, just once, and now she was in the middle of what

was probably a blizzard and she hated it.)

Distracted by her own discomfort, Rey didn't notice at first that Finn had stopped. She nearly ran into him, pulling up short just in time. "What?" she asked. The building was still far away.

"You okay, Rey?"

Rey met his gaze and half nodded, half shrugged. "I'm just cold." Understatement of the century, but she wasn't going to let on that she couldn't handle this.

Finn looked concerned, and then he began to pull off his leather jacket, the really nice one that had belonged to BB-8's former master. _What's he doing?_ Rey wondered, genuinely perplexed for a second, and then Finn was draping the jacket gently over her shoulders.

"Here." He stepped back. "Better now?"

Rey's mouth fell open slightly and a slow smile played at the corners of her mouth. "Yeah." She pushed her arms into the sleeves and snuggled into the soft lining. It was pleasantly warm from his body heat, and she welcomed the respite from the incessant snow-spray on her bare upper arms. But a part of her felt guilty.

"What about you? Won't you be-"

Finn waved her off. "I'm fine. I, uh, worked here before, so I'm more used to it than you are. The cold, I mean." He looked at her and gave a half-smile.

Warmth stole through her, and it wasn't just from the jacket. The feeling was beautiful, pure, and mostly unfamiliar. She had felt a sudden burst of it once before, just a short time earlier when she discovered that her rescue had been Finn's idea. There was probably a word for the feeling... trust? Affection? Maybe a bit of both?

"Thank you, Finn," she managed, and wrapped up in that statement was heartfelt gratitude for everything he'd done for her. He'd helped her. Come back for her. And now he'd done this. Nothing she'd ever said had been more sincere.

But there had been one question, one enigma, gnawing at the back of her mind for the past few minutes, one that she hadn't had a chance to voice. She chose this moment to get it out. "Why did you come back for me?" she asked quickly and a little unsteadily, feeling suddenly close to tears.

"Why - why wouldn't I?" Finn seemed flustered, almost shocked. "I - I _care_ about you, Rey. I-"

"No one's ever done that for me before." Rey's eyes were stinging, and she told herself it was just the wind. She didn't cry. Not in front of people. "Why should you care about me? I'm just a scavenger. I'm nobody."

"Not to me," Finn said huskily, laying a hand on her shoulder. "You-you're..." He trailed off and then gave a tremulous smile, removing

his hand. "Not to me."

She gave a watery smile in return and swallowed hard, unable to speak through the surge of confusion and joy and that weird, beautiful feeling running through her. They stood there for a few seconds, just gazing at each other, until Rey remembered their task.

"Oh! We've gotta hurry. Come on!" And she turned and sprinted off toward the gray building in the distance, Finn just behind her. The new and strange and wonderful idea of someone caring spun through her mind, and she could barely believe it. Someone cares about me! Someone actually cares!

Glancing at Finn out of the corner of her eye, she pulled the jacket collar further up to hide the huge smile spreading across her face. Despite the peril of their situation, her heart was practically singing.

For the first time in her life, she had a real friend.

* * *

><p>Probably the sappiest, fluffiest thing I've ever written. I hope it wasn't too_ cheesy. :P I have like zero experience writing romance, even stuff that's only mildly romantic like this, but I wanted to contribute something to the Finnrey/Jedistorm/Reynn community. This poor pairing is so neglected. :(Everyone seems to be so obsessed with ships that aren't even remotely canon._

Liked it? Hated it? Spotted a canon error (no matter how slight)? Leave a review! Any comment, no matter how small or critical (as long as it's not an outright flame) is appreciated! :)_

End
file.